

# THE TELEMACHY

Livvy Robertson • 9 • drama

*(a Shakespearean-inspired one act play)*

## ACT 1

SCENE 1. Ithaca. The gates before the palace of KING ODYSSEUS.

Suitors and Attendants around the doors. Enter to them

TELEMACHUS.

### TELEMACHUS

Of mine own noble father, I hath dearth,  
Although within the sight of my grief's birth,  
The thoughts, which doth themselves despise,  
I look on him with my gallèd, sad eyes.  
Upon my head, art mere torments the crown.  
If only my great father might drop down  
Out of the clouds that hang above my head  
To place renown and rule in suitors' stead,  
And drive them all where Hades, wroth, dost dwell!  
For that would serve those loathsome gluttons well!

EURYMACHUS, *[to Antinous]*

What suitor is yond gentleman  
That now comes hither?

### ANTINOUS

Suitor? Not so.

'Tis he, that villain Telemachus.

### EURYMACHUS

Gentle coz, let him alone.

His is soon to be blood of one of our own,  
More or less.

### ANTINOUS

My hand shalt soon shed that blood, my coz.  
One way or another.

### EURYMACHUS

Still, be patient.  
His blood might soon be either mine or thine.  
Yet until then, we shall endure him.

### ANTINOUS

I hath long endured much in this place, methinks.  
*[to Telemachus]*  
Wherefore comest thou hither?  
Thou art a princox.

TELEMACHUS, *[to Antinous]*

And thou art a foe  
Who dost, with still more villains,  
Scorn my woe.

SUITORS, *[to Telemachus]*

Evermore weeping over thy lost father?  
The man lies dead and shan't awake.  
Therefore, have done.  
Wherefore dost thou walk'st with so sour a face?

**TELEMACHUS**

But bid me weep for such great sorrow.

**EURYMACHUS, [to Telemachus]**

What grief be green upon  
 Thy fine visage, good prince,  
 Which thou doth newly disfigure  
 With frowns and redden'd eyes,  
 Which evermore with drops of sorrow  
 Maketh waste of thy fair flesh?  
 Nay, stopper the leaks of those bluest jewels  
 Of thy countenance, thy bright eyes,  
 And cast off the fumes of thy heavy sighs,  
 Those breaths of woe, which vade in the ever-present air!  
 Good sir, mar not with sorrow what is fair.

**TELEMACHUS**

Since the brighter and more cloudless is the sky,  
 The fouler seem'st that for which I cry.  
 Sorrow befoul'st what is fair  
 And make'st it no more fair to me.  
 Like the golden glory of the fiery sun,  
 Which was once fair and, therefore,  
 Now in mine own eyes grows foul and proud,  
 So be the suitors; ye art foul and fair no more,  
 And thy presence provest  
 My vexation and my curse.  
 You all are like unto this woeful day:  
 The heat o' the sun to me is foul,  
 And bears down with rays of mockery.

The gentle breeze dost scoff at my deep sighs,  
 Which doth vade in the wind  
 Like my noble father into the sea.  
 Those light breezes art a taunt to that weight within me,  
 Mine own heart, weighed down by grief!  
 And the crystal sky dost mock  
 The clouds that on me hang.  
 The fresh dew of morning  
 That clingeth to the blades of grass  
 Dost sneer at the silver-melting tears  
 That clingeth to the lashes of mine eyes.  
 The want of rain dost mock the waters of woe  
 That, from mine eyes, doth rush.  
 Though once was kind, nature now is cruel.  
 O dark light, O living death, O weak strength!  
 Ye all are like unto that  
 Which outward makes  
 My house appear so fair,  
 But soon dost prove that 'tis a liar  
 To all who any further doth inquire.  
 My inheritance is but grave and grief,  
 And, therefore, I hath cause to weep.  
 The sweet scent of blossoms  
 Hast ill-disguised that foul stench  
 Of villains who art so abhorred,  
 Ye vile suitors, ye toad-spotted knaves  
 Who doth pollute mine estate with much venom!  
 Ye counterfeit'st a flower of both beauty and poison;  
 That seem'st fair yet provest to be foul.

Like unto the flower, ye art a poison on mine estate  
That dost for some meek man or maid lie in wait  
To have them stung by vain beauty and purest bane.  
Mine own tears water thy growth, ye buds of pain!

*Exeunt all but TELEMACHUS.*

**TELEMACHUS**

O, that these confines of flesh might evanesce  
Like snow beneath a bright morning sun,  
That my spirit might flee this life of misery!  
How dull, tired, futile, and vain  
Seem to me all material shapes of the world!  
'Tis naught but a fountain far too full  
That floods itself and makes mud of fresh, green earth!  
That life to this hast come!  
But too long hast he been too long off,  
That excellent king, my father!  
So bittersweet must my mother's affections be for him now,  
For that man who hast sailed through many a tempest  
To look once more upon her fair flesh!  
Must I let her mourn still more?  
O, that there was a way for me to bring her wooers to woe!  
Those wicked men pilfer and plunder  
That which belongs to a much finer man than themselves!  
Those men art slugs, my father a king!  
The slugs shalt, if Zeus permits as much,  
Die from a kingly wrath soon enough!  
But ache to thyself, poor spirit, and hold thy tongue.  
*Enter PALLAS ATHENA disguised as MENTOR.*  
Soft, a stranger standest at the gates!

*TELEMACHUS hurries over to the gates, pauses beside PALLAS ATHENA, and clasps her right hand, relieving her of her spear.*

Greetings, good stranger!

A royal welcome thou art sure to find here in our house. . .  
Yet I fear, in my hasty fix, my smile be twisted  
And made more a grimace.

I pray thee doth not too harshly judge thy host.

Woes of mine own lie heavy in my chest,

But I shan't speak much of it to thee,

So as not to infect thee with the wistful pangs of my heart,  
Casting mine own sorrow upon thyself.

But come, thou first shalt sup thyself a hearty fill.

Then, I pray,

If thou hast any use of sound, or able voice,

Speak.

*Exeunt*

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